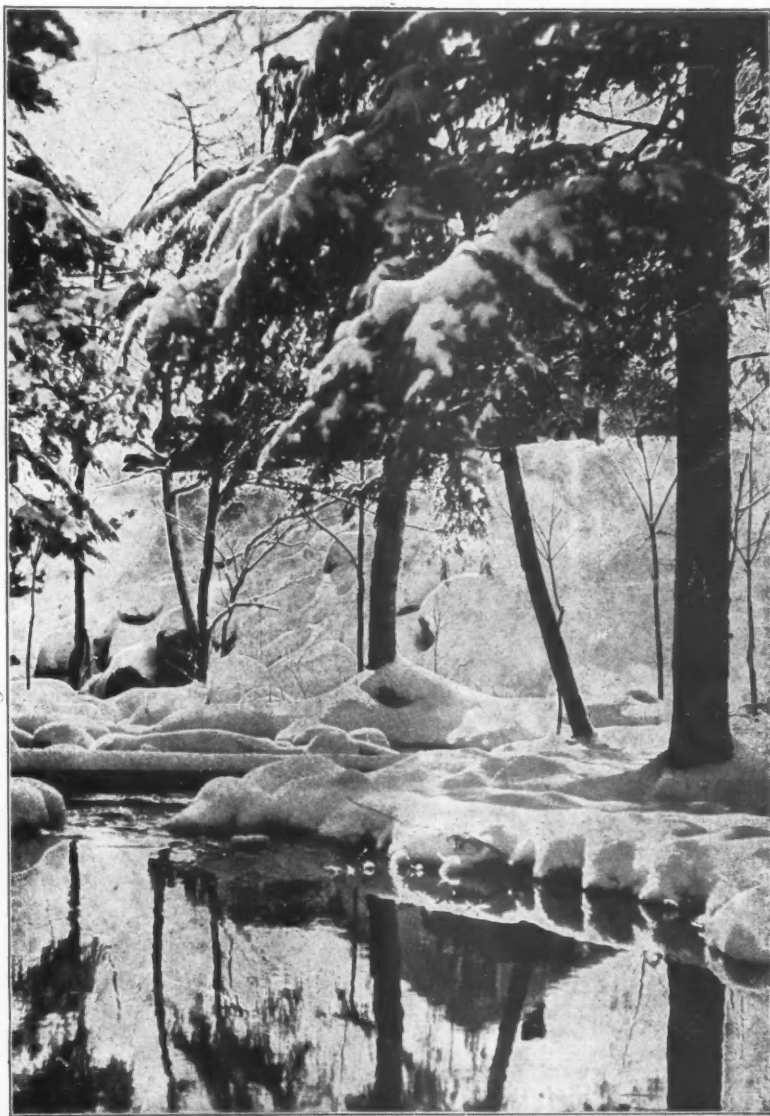


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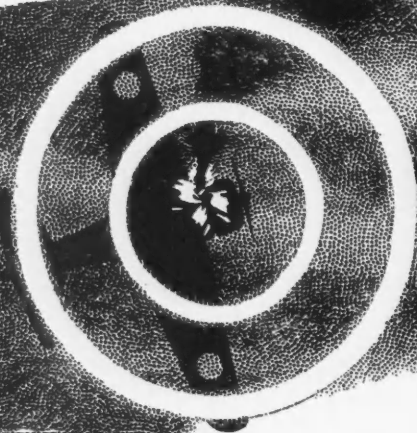


# The Cornell Countryman

Volume XLII  
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Number Three

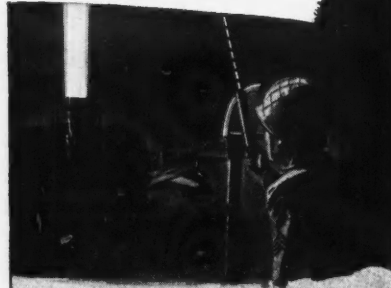


# CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT LIGHTING

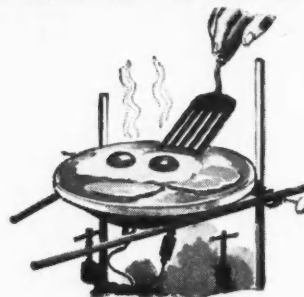


**LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL . . .** There was a time when Jap Zeros could "sit in the sun" and come in with guns blazing—protected from our gunners by blinding sunlight. Not long ago, they had an unpleasant surprise. U. S. Army and Navy gunners now have a new Westinghouse gunsight lamp that lets them fire with deadly accuracy—directly into the sun. Formerly, our gunners could aim within only 15 degrees of the sun, leaving a dreaded "blind spot". This has now been removed—and, with it, a lot of Japs.

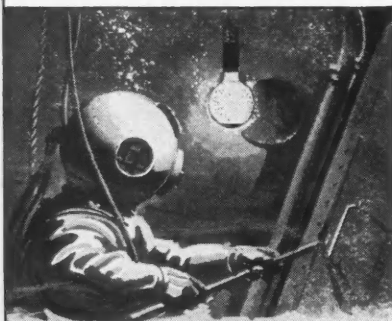
Lamps of 10,000 different types, using from 1/10th to 10,000 watts—incandescent, fluorescent, infrared, ultraviolet lamps, produced at the rate of about 1,000,000 units daily—lamps for seeing, for heating, for fighting disease—wherever you see the Westinghouse Mazda Trade Mark, you'll find top quality!



**CEILING, 2000 . . .** Vital "ceiling" information is provided for American fliers by alidade sighting device, which "draws a bead" on a cloud—illuminated by giant Westinghouse searchlight. Height is read directly in hundreds of feet.



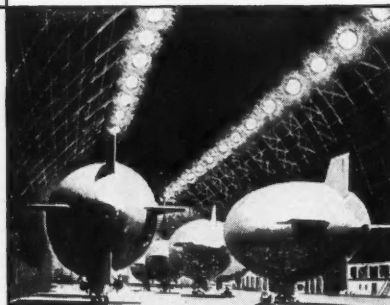
**HAM AN' . . .** New sealed-beam landing lights for army bombers are so powerful that a Westinghouse engineer actually cooked a meal on the surface of an up-turned lens. Infrared rays did the trick.



**DAVY JONES** could find good use for this 1000-watt sea salvage lamp. Inside are loose grains of tungsten which the diver can whirl against the glass—to scour off clouding particles emitted by the filament.



**SELF-CONTAINED SUN LAMP**, developed by Westinghouse, produces comfortable warmth with infrared, as well as beneficial ultraviolet rays. Mercury vapor, electrodes, reflector, and incandescent filament are sealed in a reflector bulb of special glass, which screws into any lamp socket.



**MAXIMUM "SEE-ABILITY"** is provided by Westinghouse 3-kilowatt mercury lamps—in blimp hangars, airplane factories, steel mills, etc. These lamps produce 120,000 lumens of light.

Tune in:  
JOHN CHARLES THOMAS  
Sunday, 2:30 pm, EWT, NBC

**Westinghouse**  
PLANTS IN 25 CITIES OFFICES EVERYWHERE

Tune in: TED MALONE  
Mon. Wed. Fri. 10:15 pm, EWT,  
Blue Network

## When They Return

**S**OME WAR VETERANS are already back. Veterans they are, from Tunisia, from Italy, from France; from Saipan, Tarawa, the Bismarcks, and the Solomons; veterans, too, though they were mere lads a year or so ago, boys who left college after a term within academic halls, many of them from Cornell.

Now they are back, some of them as war casualties; more and more will come until the largest contingent arrives after victory.

### WHAT TO DO?

"What to do?" is the question that confronts these returned fighters, a question that also concerns the New York State College of Agriculture. Already the College has formulated a lot of answers in showing what it can do for them.

Fortunately the very organization of the College already furnishes effective means to be of service. Through its Extension Service the limits of the College campus extend to the boundaries of the State and to all citizens within those boundaries. These residents are served by members of the Extension Staff who are always on the job; many have their offices and headquarters within the counties; others are at the College, though little of their time is spent in Ithaca. All of these workers are instructed to be of specific help to those who come back, especially to those who expect to engage in farming.

### HOME STUDY COURSES

Home study courses that have been conducted for many years are being slanted, where necessary, to meet the needs of those who may lack farm experience. The printed and spoken word, in bulletins, radio, and news items, gives information and instruction.

Already a bulletin has been published with the title, "Suggestions to Persons Who Plan to Farm or to Live in the Country." It is written primarily for those, who, after experiences of war want the blessings of peace, where those blessings may be best enjoyed. (The number of the bulletin, by the way, is E-652. It is free to residents of New York State. A penny postal-card request addressed to the Office of Publication, Roberts Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, will bring it.)

In the foregoing ways, and in any others within its power, the College of Agriculture prepares itself to be of the greatest possible service to those who return.

Persons who have individual problems are encouraged to write to

**Dean W. I. Myers  
College of Agriculture  
Ithaca, New York**

He may not have the chance to give a direct, personal answer; but he will know the person or persons on the staff who will be thankful for the opportunity to be of service.

# Stops the Run on Nature's Bank ★ ★ ★

★ Furrows like these a century ago were used to protect pioneer farms from prairie fires. Today they protect farms from permanent destruction by water. They protect not only the livelihood of a single farmer but the prosperity of whole communities.

These furrows are the beginning of a broad-base terrace, built by the farmer himself with his own tractor and moldboard plow. The space between is the "island" in the Island System of terrace-building developed by the U.S.D.A. Soil Conservation Service. The finished terrace will have slopes so gentle and a shallow channel so wide that modern machinery will work the land as if they were not there.

This slight bulge is a bulwark against erosion. It halts running water, makes it walk slowly, sometimes stand still. Because water can steal

soil only when it runs, the terrace halts the theft of the fundamental farm resource. What's more, terracing increases the rate and stability of returns from that resource. For example, eight-year records on 143 terraced bean fields, totaling nearly 11,000 acres, show average yields 33 percent greater than similar adjacent fields without terraces.

Terracing is one of the many methods of soil conservation and other advanced farm practices to which Case gives active support. Case has produced movies in full color showing why and how to build terraces both with the moldboard plow and the one-way disk plow; also bulletins giving every step in terrace-building with each type of plow. Ask for copies of these bulletins, and how to secure use of films for your own showing. J. I. Case Co., Racine, Wis.

## ADVANCED PRACTICES MAKE FARMING MORE SECURE



### THE LEAD-OFF MAN IN MODERN FARM PRACTICES

Actual application of advanced farm methods is done with machines. The man closest to point of application is the farm machinery merchant. Case dealers take special interest in soil conservation practices, inspired by leadership of the company and the outstanding suitability of Case machines for such methods. They work in close harmony with the U.S.D.A. Soil Conservation Service, state extension services, and county agents.

# CASE





# Cornell Countryman

A Journal of Country Life - Plant, Animal, Human

Volume XLII

Ithaca, New York, January, 1945

Number 3

## Herbert Hice Whetzel

*Teacher, Scientist, Friend*

By Professor M. E. Barrus



One cold day, early in January, 1905, a number of Winter-Course students gathered in a class room of Sage College for their first lesson in farm botany. A young man appeared before them and began talking about the course to be given. It was apparent that this young man was to be the instructor instead of an older and dignified professor as expected. Long before the course had ended in the latter part of March, none of the students wanted any other person to teach that subject. The enthusiasm and energy of that young man infected them all. The lessons he taught were so interesting and instructive that no one missed a class if it could be helped and all wanted to stay as long as possible. Students wandered into his laboratory at odd hours to learn how microscopic slides were prepared and how fungi could be grown on culture media. He invited them to his home and induced them to tell him about their plans and aspirations. It was a wonderful experience for those Winter-Course students because new vistas were opened to them and unthought-of opportunities seemed to be knocking at their door.

This was my first association with Professor Whetzel but it was one that continued for almost forty years. He induced me, and, since then, many other young men, to go to college. On his advice, I selected Wabash College, his alma mater, in order to take advantage of instruction under that admirable professor of botany, Mason B. Thomas, himself a Cornell man. Before I had completed my course there, he had persuaded me to enter his own profession of plant pathology and he obtained an assistantship for me at Cornell University in order that I could pursue my graduate work here. With Whetzel pulling and Thomas

pushing, many young men from Wabash College came to Cornell for graduate work, mostly in plant pathology, who, perhaps, never would have taken advanced training except for this stimulation. For six years little Wabash College sent more men to Cornell University for graduate work than any other institution except Cornell itself. It was mainly the activity of Professor Whetzel in obtaining industrial fellowships that made this possible.

Although these fellowships, since their inception at Cornell have aided fifty-nine students from colleges in this country and Canada to pursue graduate work, their purpose as conceived by Professor Whetzel was to provide a means of solving problems of plant-disease control for farmers. The donor of the fellowship provided the salary of the investigator, the University provided laboratory equipment and supervision, and the fellow conducted an investigation of interest to the donor, using the problem as the subject of his major thesis. Professor Whetzel believed that the persons or organization benefiting most from an investigation should contribute largely to the expense involved. He was able to persuade many donors to his point of view. The donors of these fellowships have included farmers organized into a fellowship association, other growers' associations, and manufacturers of chemicals used in plant-disease control.

THE enthusiasm, energy, persistence, humor, and logical analysis of situations were qualities that made Professor Whetzel almost irresistible in argumentation. He spoke clearly and forcibly. It was difficult not to believe his assertions. He was called on frequently to make an appeal when money had to be raised for social or professional benefit and for the promotion of other worthy causes. These qualities and his knowledge and sympathy made him an excellent teacher. He wanted his students to comprehend thoroughly the subject presented to

them. He would not tolerate sloppy thinking. He expected them to work hard to obtain this comprehension. Yet he did not want undergraduate students confused by the many exceptions there are to general statements. He used to say that a good teacher must be a good liar, meaning he must present general truths unencumbered by exceptions. Later, should they undertake graduate work, they could find these out for themselves. But he warned his students that conceptions held as truths today may be modified by discoveries of tomorrow. He taught the beginning course himself and left the teaching of advanced courses to others, believing that the undergraduate students needed the clear presentation of the subject and the inspiration that he was able to give them. This also gave him an opportunity to discover exceptionally gifted students early and to persuade them to undertake graduate work.

Professor Whetzel believed that students registered in plant pathology because they wanted to obtain a knowledge of the subject. He would not take responsibility for their attendance at lectures and laboratory sessions. They could come or not as they wished, but it was necessary for them to obtain a satisfactory grade if they wished credit for the course. He early instituted a system of teaching whereby the student could obtain material, apparatus, laboratory and reading outlines, and, at regular lab periods, supervision for the particular disease he wished to study. He could then have access to the laboratory at any time day or night, week-days or Sunday for study. The student selected the particular diseases, within groups, in which he was interested. After he finished work on a disease, he could obtain a conference with the instructor. At this conference, the instructor, presuming that the student had all facts regarding the disease in mind, presented hypothetical situations for solution, requiring an acquaintance of these facts and some reasoning in using them.

Graduate students who have taken work in plant pathology will remember Professor Whetzel with respect and gratitude for his ideas regarding subjects for investigation, for suggestions in the course of their work, and for the encouragement so freely given them. He had the rare ability to enthuse and inspire them. Many of the publications by graduate students were concerned with matters and methods originally suggested by him. He helped graduate students to have access to German literature by giving a course in German scientific reading. He devised a method of teaching that enabled a student, having no previous knowledge of the language, to read it readily before the course was finished.

No student had to wait long to see Professor Whetzel. His door and his heart were always open to them. Many a student in trouble of one kind or another came to him for advice. Those in financial difficulties were helped by him, either by a loan of money or by finding employment. When he gave advice, he held the student responsible for using it. The letters received from former students over the world are testimonies of the respect and affection they had for him.

**ALTHOUGH** a great teacher, Professor Whetzel was also an indefatigable investigator of problems related to plant pathology and mycology. His publications cover a varied field within these sciences, although for many

years he had had a special interest in those genera and species of fungi belonging to the family Sclerotiniaceae. He personally collected species of this group in North and South America and in Europe and specimens were sent him from various countries. Students and colleagues who have accompanied him on many collecting trips will remember his diligence in hunting for them as well as his keen interest in collecting other fungi. He has published numerous papers about them and was continuing his work with them on the last day he was at his laboratory. He encouraged graduate students and others to make taxonomic and other studies of fungi and, in the course of years many papers have been published by them individually or in collaboration with him. He was careful to give full credit for work done by others and was always ready to share with others his contributions, even before their publication.

It is not possible to discuss adequately within the limits of this article the varied interests of this remarkable man. The large collections of fungi in the herbarium of the Department of Plant Pathology were started by him. The collections from Tropical America in this herbarium is largely due to his efforts. He was constantly interested in building up the departmental library. In his later years, he cultivated in his garden at Forest Home certain groups of flowering plants, both cultivated and wild, and

this garden became a Mecca for plant lovers. Whatever he undertook, he did with all his might. The results were gratifying to him and often astonishing to others.

Professor Whetzel was born on a farm near Avilla, Indiana, on September 5, 1877. He entered Wabash College after teaching a few terms of district school, where he came under the influence of Professor Thomas. It was presumably due to this influence that he accepted an assistantship in botany under Professor George F. Atkinson in 1902. He was an instructor in botany when Dean Liberty Hyde Bailey selected him in 1906 as the one man best qualified to head the new department of botany in the New York State College of Agriculture. The next year the name was changed, at his earnest request, to department of plant pathology. He resigned the headship in 1922 because he believed long tenure of office for administrators is detrimental to the best development of any department or institution. He also wanted to devote himself to teaching and investigation in which he continued to be active until six weeks before his death on November 30, 1944. Many deserving honors came to him during his lifetime and he leaves a host of friends over the world who deeply mourn his passing. He has left a heritage that has enriched the lives of many and one that will continue to pay dividends for many years to come.

## More Hay

By GEORGE AXINN

**M**ORE hay" the man on top of the wagon shouted down. Those pitching on looked up, smiled, and stuck their forks back into the hay. The little boy sitting on top at the front of the load watched the sweat pour off strong arms and determined foreheads as the hay came up in larger heaps. The man on the load worked furiously, taking hay first from the pitcher on one side and then from the one on the other. When he signaled the boy to come and stomp down some of the hay that had just been carefully laid in its place, the little fellow's heart jumped, and he dashed across the load.

George was always happy when there was something like this for him to do, and haying was one of the things that he liked best. He didn't know why; maybe it was the smile on his Dad's face as the hay went into the barn, or perhaps it was thoughts of the young calves that he loved so, munching on tender well-cured stalks; but there was something about making

hay that stirred his emotions, even when he was still the smallest boy in the local school house.

As he kicked and jumped on the packing hay he looked up and smiled at Bus, the loader. Ever since the first time Dad had taken him, holding his hand to watch the men haying, he had always wanted to put on a load of hay himself. What could be better than to ride home on top of your own load, wave at people, and have them know that you put on that high, heavy, well-packed, square load. These are the things that Bus had taught him about loading hay, and everyone said Bus was the best loader in the county.

There were other things in haying, and they all attracted George. The youth would never tire of walking behind his Dad's mowing machine, watching the long slender leaves of timothy or alfalfa, which first waved naturally in the breeze, suddenly quivered, and then fell to form an even swath. Hour after hour he followed the cutting bar paying heed to Dad's

warnings of its danger, but thoroughly spell-bound by the falling blades.

Putting hay into the barn was one of the things that George, like the others, didn't particularly care for. He knew, however, that it had to be done, and so he sweated and coughed with Mart and the other men in the dusty mow while Bus pitched off his loads. He had a fork of his own, one whose handle had snapped in the middle, and he stood way back in the dark corners, crowding in the food which he knew would be necessary for the cows through the winter. After each load was in, though, and while the men sat down for a minute's rest and something cold to drink, George always used to slip away and head for the creek on the other side of the pasture, tossing off his clothes as he ran, and plunging finally into the cool waters and the refreshment they offered.

As the boy grew older, although the men still called him "Kid", he began doing more and more of his share of

the work. When Dad bought the tractor, things really turned George's way, for he soon proved himself quite capable of running it and was allowed to use it.

Mowing hay with a tractor was something new, and George loved it. He was in the height of glory when told to go out in the morning and mow a certain field. He took care of the tractor as if it were the most valuable thing on the farm. He kept it unnecessarily clean, well-greased, and in top running order. To check the oil or put in a new oil filter was a real pleasure to him rather than a task, and he thrived on keeping up the tractor. When the knives were all sharp, and the mower in running order, he would start the engine slowly, and listen carefully while it roared its melody. Up came the cutting bar, and off went the tractor.

George had known all the fields in the vicinity since he could remember, but it was his practice to scan them again before mowing, planning in his mind just how he would cut the field. He started around the outside with the bar inward, as is the usual practice, but, on coming to a corner, he refused to ride around. His corners must be cut square. He whipped his tractor around in as short a curve as possible, sometimes applying the brake to the inside wheel, lifting the cutting bar at the same time. Put her in reverse and cut hard the other way. Then down with the bar, forward again, and look back at that perfect ninety degree angle. Sitting back in the Navy barracks, George can still see the smiles on his friends' faces as they watched the precision with which he made that corner. There was no need to do it, but he took great pride in it.

Most of the work back home was on side hills, and some of them were really steep. Mowing these steep ones was one of George's special delights. Sometimes the men warned him, other times they just told him not to, but always he'd try to go a little steeper than was expected of him, often standing in the tractor leaning hard uphill so as to keep from rolling over, enjoying the thought that the men were watching those two uphill wheels as they rode inches off the ground.

The time he cut the black snake in half is always one of George's favorite stories when he meets someone else from a farm. He had left home early that day, while the men were still milking. Dad had told him that the rest of them would be along at noon time, and that they would need work to do, so the young tractor operator wasted no time getting started. In fact, the mower was buzzing away by seven-thirty.

He was mowing on a long, sloping side hill, and his tendency was to glance off at the view. Suddenly something jammed the cutting bar. The tractor stopped for a second and then lurched forward again. George looked down, and there was the tail end of a blacksnake, about four feet long, writhing and twisting, cleanly cut, and with a little blood spurting. He searched for the head end, but merely saw the grass move off to one side, and knew the snake was on his way.

When the men came, they brought his lunch, and he told them about the snake while eating. He described it as being at least seven feet long. Some of those listening seemed to doubt what they heard, but George stuck to his story, and all promised to be on the lookout for either part of the animal.

It was long about four when Bus, who was loading, noticed something odd about a heap of hay that was coming up at him, and he cried out as he took it. A quick flip, and it was thrown out again. He yelled down and the men gathered to have a look at the head end of a black snake, over four feet long in itself, as it squirmed hurriedly toward the nearest tail grass. "Guess the Kid's story is true after all," said Bus, and the men returned to their pitching.

One of the other things that comes to George as he looks out the windows of the Navy barracks on an early summer day is using a dump rake. How well he remembers driving in high gear over the rough ground to get the hay raked before that shower. Sometimes Dad would drive and let his son sit on the rake to trip it; that was before George figured out a system whereby he could drive the tractor and trip the rake at the same time with a rope.

Often in the evenings, George would go out to scratch over a field raked that day. Instead of making straight windrows, like those he used to have so much fun jumping over in days gone by, he drove in circles, tripping his rake so as to form large letters in the field. On the bigger fields he would even spell out words or names. Such things made work into play, especially for a guy crazy enough to carry a football in his arms as he drove, steering with his feet at times, so he could toss up the ball, catch it, and rake hay at the same time.

When Bus was drafted, the last summer before George went into the Navy, the boy found himself promoted to the job of loader. He had waited a long time for this opportunity, and began playing with his pitchfork, now a full size one, long before haying season. He had pitched on before, and he had even loaded, but to put on every load

that went into the mow in a whole season,—that was something. The youngster put on his first few loads with extra care. He had heard stories about loads splitting in the middle and coming off both sides, or that were top heavy, and caused wagons to turn over. He built the corners first, and tied the middle carefully. The object was to get the hay to come off in as large bunches as possible when grappled by the hayfork. After a while, his loads got bigger, and it became known that he could get as much hay on the wagon at one time as any of the old-timers. A thrill shot through him every time he finished a load, sank his fork into it, and rode home on top.

And then there was the time the Kid got the bright idea of catching the forks of the men pitching on with his fork, and trying to take their forks away from them. It worked the first few times, but the pitchers-on soon got wise, and one of them, who weighed about two hundred pounds, grappled forks with George and held on. The boy pulled hard, and finally fell over backwards into the hay when the man let go. In payment for his playfulness, the young loader spent the next day in bed with a wrenched back.

Once when the hay wasn't coming up to him as fast as he thought it might, George made the mistake of yelling, "More hay!" The results were immediate. Up came the hay faster than ever. He looked down and the men were smiling. The men were playing the game too, and there was no stopping them. "More hay, more hay!" shrieked the boy as he found himself again buried helplessly in the middle of the load.

But the loads kept coming in. Day after day the mow filled up. George often got the job of driving tractor tied to the hayfork rope. This was fun too. Dad used to stand on the load, sinking the hayfork in it. He snapped it back, and signalled his son to start. As the tractor went along its path the fork rose to the barn peak, hit the trip, and slid in over the mow. At a signal from inside Dad tripped the fork and dumped its hay while George slipped his tractor into reverse. Up and back he would go, all day long, sometimes right through a rain, when nothing was as important as getting that hay in.

The hay did get in, and the barn was filled to capacity. The other crops were extra good that year. But winter finally came, and George enlisted in the Navy as so many of his older friends had done. When haying time came again the boy was in a Naval Training Station, and had plenty to keep him busy, but thoughts of home and hay still occupied his mind, and sometimes a tear filled his eye.



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## After the B. S.

**I**THACA is noted for cold weather, but it is not so frosty as the world that lies beyond the Hill. And soon, with only our sheepskins to keep us warm, we are going to enter that world. Let's take a look at the record of a year before the war came so close to us at home, and before the armed services had absorbed so many of our grads. In 1940, following graduation, about 10% of the men began farming, 30% entered agricultural businesses, such as co-operatives, canning companies, landscape services. Publicly-supported jobs in agriculture, extension and teaching, and the like, became the work of approximately 22%. Roughly 5% began graduate study in agriculture, and less than 10% entered non-agricultural occupations.

By 1943, the armed services had absorbed almost 75% of the men grads, while 21% of the women began war plant work. The distribution of those who entered civilian occupations was distorted from the usual peacetime pattern.

But following the close of this war, we may expect a pattern of placement similar to 1940. These figures should discount to some degree, the conception that you come to Cornell to learn to farm. Yes, you may learn a bit about farming, but the chances are, that once you have been introduced into sciences, economics, and education, you may very well enter these professions. Although you may not be producing agricultural products, in all probability you will be contributing to the supply of raw materials indirectly.

—M.L.F.

## Not Merry, But Still Christmas

**C**HRISTMAS! a joyous season of white snow flakes, tinkling bells, and cold crisp winds. Through the year, the spirit of Christmas has been kept alive by folks who have passed to their children the temper of festivity and prayer. Christmas carols have been sung and handed down through the generations, and these folk songs have also helped to preserve the Yuletide traditions.

Yes, there were many similarities to past December twenty-fifths. Green firs and hemlocks stood gaily decorated beside cheery fireplaces. Presents wrapped in gaudy paper and tied with colorful ribbon were under the trees as usual. There was a great deal of planning for the Christmas day feast, and a lot of shopping and crowds and bundles to be carried. On Christmas Eve, as in years gone by, sleepy-eyed youngsters crawled to Dad's knee to hear the famous legend of St. Nick.

But this past Christmas was not the same. Yes, we still sang carols; the young still believed that Santa would come; the elders too, wanted Christmas. But in a war-torn world, with so many sons away from home, with sorrow in the hearts of so many, Christmas just had to be different.

The decorations on the tree couldn't outshine the brilliance of that gold star in the window. There were presents under the tree . . . but one remained unopened. Father was cheerful, but an empty feeling was reflected in his eyes. None could escape the sight of the vacant seat at the table.

There will be other Yuletide seasons, more different still. But after those years are over, Christmas will be what it once was. The gold star in the windows of countless homes will fade into the background because the one star that sparkles from the tops of the trees will outshine all others.

Until that time, the Christmas spirit will be kept alive. Maybe it won't be in full brilliance. Maybe it will just remain a glowing ember. But Christmas can never be forgotten.

—J.W.

## Letter to the Editor

To the Editors of the Countryman:

An emergency exists in the State today—there are from 1,000 to 1,500 paralyzed victims of this year's infantile paralysis epidemic, mostly children; there are hospital facilities for their after-care; but there is a desperate lack of personnel—of 40 skilled physical therapists and 50 registered nurses.

Will you help us meet this situation by publishing these facts? The need is acute and the aid of the newspapers of the State is required immediately.

NEW YORK STATE DEPT. OF HEALTH

Edward S. Rogers, M.D.

Assistant Commissioner

The therapists and nurses will receive \$175 a month, maintenance and traveling expenses, for from 4-6 weeks, or even less time, part or full time. Interested persons are urged to write immediately listing their qualifications to Dr. L. S. Rogers, State Department of Health, Albany 1, New York.



# Cornell Homemaker

## The Costume Shop

By Harriet Friemel

**M**ANY hours of hard work, a great deal of imagination, and a dash of worry combine to give the students of Textiles and Clothing 220 a worthwhile experience. Commercial Clothing and Advanced Problems in Construction is the title of the course, but in the vernacular of Home Ec'ers it is "Costume Shop," and that is the name that appears on the door of this practical laboratory.

In the Shop, set up and run as much as possible like a commercial custom clothing establishment, T. C. majors and girls planning to teach or do extension work meet problems that they have faced in no other course. They sew for someone other than themselves, a novel experience for most clothes-minded young women. They have to fit garments on different types of figures, use materials and styles for various ages and tastes, develop many new sewing skills, and direct the work of employees. They must please their customers—persons from the campus and town, students, faculty members, business women, and homemakers. A student is eligible to take T. C. 220 only when she has completed courses in clothing construction, fitting and pattern making, dress selection and design, because the work in the Shop calls for lots of experience and information.

The student begins a project when she meets the customer and discusses the costume she will make. To help the purchaser decide upon material, style, and trimmings she must be able to present suitable patterns, fashion illustrations, and even original sketches. When the client is satisfied, the student starts the first step in the construction of the garment, the making of a form substantially like the customer's figure. A fitted lining is made and padded over a form, and the garment is draped on this model according to the design selected. The first few fittings are completed on the form also, which saves the time of both customer and worker.

Shopping for materials and findings is done on a cooperative basis in the Costume Shop. Any girl who needs supplies lists them on the blackboard, and the next person who goes to town does the shopping listed. Many of the

fabrics are purchased by mail, from mills and city stores. Students who are not in the Shop course may take advantage of this service of buying material through the Costume Shop, too. Matching thread and seam bindings may also often be bought in the Shop. In addition to this convenience for sewers, the Costume Shop will do hemstitching by the yard, cover buttons and buckles. These are three of the skills that students in the Shop may master through piecework or their projects before they complete the course.

There is usually a deadline for a costume made for some special occa-

sion, so the work has to be done quickly and efficiently. To promote this, there are one or two paid helpers in the Shop all the time who do the stitching and basting that the student does not have time to finish. The direction of their work is part of the girl's job. She lists on the blackboard the machine or hand sewing she wishes done before she returns to lab. Fittings, such an important part of making a good looking costume, are all done by the student on appointment with the customer. When the customer is thoroughly pleased with her new costume, the finishing touches are added—including satisfaction!



### LET IT RAIN

Fan-drying experiments at the Westinghouse Home Economics Institute prove that with the help of an electric fan, the time required to dry clothes indoors can be shortened by as much as three hours and 48 minutes.

#### Rainy Day Tip: Fan Speeds Clothes-Drying Indoors

**Y**OU no longer have to postpone wash day just because the sun refuses to shine. And you can have many of those favorite garments ready on short notice. Your routine washing time can be reduced materially. All this has been made possible by experiments on fan drying, conducted by Mrs. Julia Kiene, director of the Westinghouse Home Economics Institute. She has discovered the best spot to place the fan, how to regulate it for the greatest shortening of drying time, and just how much time can be saved by this method.

Mrs. Kiene's hints are these:

1. Place the fan on a table or

stand within three feet of the nearest garments hanging on the line. Put on the floor, it is only about two thirds as effective.

2. It is very important to have the fan facing the end of the clothesline, not the front of it, so that the air stream can circulate freely between the pieces.

3. Set the fan for high speed and regulate it so that it does not turn from side to side.

In her tests, Mrs. Kiene concentrated on Turkish towels because they take longer to dry than other articles such as sheets, shirts, and dresses. Thus you can count on your fan-drying results to be as time-saving or even more so as hers, if you follow her instructions carefully.

# Vet News

Things have certainly been happening off and on the campus since our last Countryman article. To those of you who entered Cornell in 1941 and have not accelerated, may we introduce **George Abbott**, '45, your new class president. George is a junior in the Vet college and won his position by defeating George Routenberg in the last Student Council election. He is one of those who still remembers pre-Pearl Harbor Cornell and with his ability for leadership George should prove to be the right man for taking the '45ers through their last year at the University.

Not to be outdone in campus politics, **Minor "Bud" Watts** '45 Vet took another step in the right direction by clinching the civilian representative position in the Student Council. Bud has been active in campus politics and activities since his arrival here at Cornell, and during his stay here under the Army Veterinary Program was an Army Council Representative. At the rate Bud's going this latest achievement of his may be out of date by the time this article goes to press.

We're reminded of a story told by an Arts major a few weeks ago which we think is worth repeating. The punch line is at our expense, but what price personal feelings if it brings a laugh? Our little drama opens in the hilly and beautiful region of Schoharie County. Our heroine, Mary Whey, is milking the family cow, Evaline. Her mother, Curdsand Whey is hanging the family clothes and off-stage center a collegiate lad, (pre-war days) strolls along wearing a Princeton "P". Mother runs to daughter and a brilliant conversation ensues:

Mother: "Mary, here comes that fearful Princetonian. Come into the house and lock the door."

Mary: "Yes, mother."

Two days go by. Same scene only Harvard man walks by. (What they're doing in Schoharie is more than I can figure.) Brilliant conversation ensues once more and the scene ends as "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," is sung by the hapless females.

Time slips by and as we repeat the tranquil milking scene, our attention is caught by the appearance of a Cornellian wearing the "C" for conversation. He is surrounded by an aura of phenol disinfectant so we

know he is a Vet student.

Mother screams, drops wash, dashes to daughter and shrieks these painful words:

"MARY! COME INTO THE HOUSE LOCK THE DOOR, AND BRING THE COW WITH YOU!"

Stumbled into the rehearsal of the *Oversextet* the other night. The boys were rehearsing for their Christmas party appearances at the Alpha Psi and OTS Veterinary fraternity houses. All this will be followed by their regular CRG bi-monthly broadcasts. "We're still looking for a good whiskey tenor and if there's any time we miss the presence of **Howie Anderson**, it's now," said **Bob Rost**. "Andy" chose to remain in the army upon dissolution of the ASTP program and was one of the original organizers of the Freshman Glee Club and Octet. Wherever "Andy" is today, we hope his barracks mates enjoy his singing and personality as much as we did here. The boys are thinking of changing their name to "Five men, two tenors, and a dame" due to the pleasant company of **Ruth Jones** of the Frosh Vet Class at rehearsals. Her candid criticism and praise makes her a wonderful preview audience.

The college recently held their J.A.V.M.A. elections for the new year with the following results. **Carl Wallace** '45 was elected president for the next year. His opponent was **Fred Smithcors**. **Carl Vetter** is the new vice-president and **John McBee** has been entrusted with the organization's funds as J.A.V.M.A. treasurer. **Ruth Jones**, Vet '47, will be sending out notices and taking minutes as newly elected secretary and **Reuben Marshalk** is member-at-large.

Rumors were quite strong for a time that the underclassmen would have an enforced eight months vacation until next October. The final decision of the faculty was not to accept a new class until October '45. This will leave a vacant class for the next four years and allow for 1, 2, 3, and 4th term professors to take some much needed time off during the next eight terms. To those aspiring pre-vets we offer our sympathy. An extra year of college won't hurt, but waiting until the war is over may have deleterious effects on one's veterinary education.

There seem to be more women enrolled in the college now than at any other time in the school's history. **Liz Kroft** '45 is going for her second degree, having secured her B.S. in '42. Sophomore class women are **Janet Meade** and **Janet Sams**, horsewomen par excellent. Janet needs no introduction to those who follow the horse ring and recognize her as one of the better horse trainers and equestrians in the state. "Sammy" prepared at Stephens College, Mo., and hails from the bluegrass state, where she too is no slouch at training and breaking colts. **Sylvia Berg** is the third member of the class.

In the freshman group are **Estelle Hecht**, **Mary Hollenbeck**, **Jane Whelan**, **Phyllis Farago**, and **Ruth Jones**. The fair sex do very well scholastically and in the laboratory and certainly have earned the respect and admiration of their classmates and instructors.

**George Brightenback** B.S. '42, V '46 has recently returned to school following an appendectomy. He wasted no time though, for no sooner had he made up some lost work, than he was already busy organizing a discussion group (with the aid and inspiration of **Bill Kaplan** B.S. Cornell '42) in the sophomore class. Already 30 men have agreed to join the group which will attempt to form a purely scientific discussion group. At the first meeting, **S. J. Dorn**, B.S. Cornell '42 will discuss "Dog Distemper" followed by a general discussion. At future meetings members will be assigned topics to investigate and report on, dealing with various phases of veterinary medicine. George and Bill have the right idea—we hope they get the support they need to successfully carry out the program.

**Ray Delano** broke into radio last month when he supplied musical sound effects for the C.R.G. "Dramatic Workshop" presentation of **Norwin Corwins** "Old Salt". Ray also sings and accompanies the "5 Men and 2 Tenors" vocal group.

**Marty Berrigan** is still active with the Newman Club and, of course, is spending some time, or at least thinking about preparing for State Board examinations.

**Drs. Zeissig, Hagan, and Hofstad** recently attended a meeting in Chicago of the Research Committee of the **American Veterinary Medical Association**. As soon as the committee reports are published we'll attempt to prepare a digest for you interested "Ag" majors.

# Campus Countryman

**L**OTS of us have been counting the days until we can have farms of our own. Studying Ag and Home Ec is just the first step in our "rural life to be." Sometimes in dreams, we picture the hackneyed, but sweet, little country place, with rambling roses, and a few chickens, where we can be safe from the evil clutches of business cycles and price fluctuations. Depressions, we say, hold no fears for us, for we shall find security in our self-sufficiency . . . in our tiny flock, our one cow, our vegetable garden. Wake up, the days of commerce are upon us!

Here's what the men in Farm Management have to say . . .

## Tells About Professor S. W. Warren Buying A Farm

There are at least four groups of people who are interested in buying farms. Taken together, these groups account for a sizeable proportion of our population. The four groups are:

1. City persons who have never lived on a farm, but who have a longing to do so. The persons in this group have not definitely decided to buy a farm, they have no definite ideas as to what they want, but they dream of the peace and security of rural life.

2. City persons who have never lived on a farm, but who have definitely decided to do so, and who have made definite plans as to what they want.

3. Persons who are now living in a city, but who once (perhaps in childhood) lived on a farm. Many of these have pleasant memories of their days on a farm, and hope to sometime bring back those days.

4. Those who are now living and working on farms as hired men or tenants, and who are looking forward to the time when they can buy their own farm.

There are probably many others who are interested in buying farms but who would not exactly fit in any of the above groups. Each of the above groups has special problems not shared by those in other groups. The *Countryman* plans to present a series of articles giving suggestions to each of these groups of persons. These suggestions will be based on information obtained over the years in various research studies made by the staff of the College of Agriculture. In this issue we will start with group one—those who have hopes but no definite plans.

The first thing to get in mind is the

fact that there are many kinds of "farms". These might be grouped as follows:

### 1. The residential farm

This is a farm with very small acreage, and is primarily a home for an urban worker. Some of the food is produced at home. Little or nothing is produced for sale.

### 2. The subsistence farm

On this farm the entire living of the family depends on agriculture. Emphasis is placed on production for home use, selling only what is left over. The total amount of cash handled on such a farm is small. The standard of living may be reasonably high in terms of food, but is very low in terms of plumbing, automobiles, fly screens, and washing machines.

### 3. The part-time farm

On this farm, an urban job and the sale of farm products are both important sources of income. A successful operation of this kind involves knowledge of two different occupations.

### 4. The commercial-family farm

Emphasis is placed on production for sale, producing for home use only those items which can be produced efficiently. Most of the work is done by members of the family, but there may be some hired labor. If men are hired, they work on a basis of social equality with the farmer. This kind of farm produces most of the farm products of the United States. It is a business and the operator must know the business of farming in order to succeed.

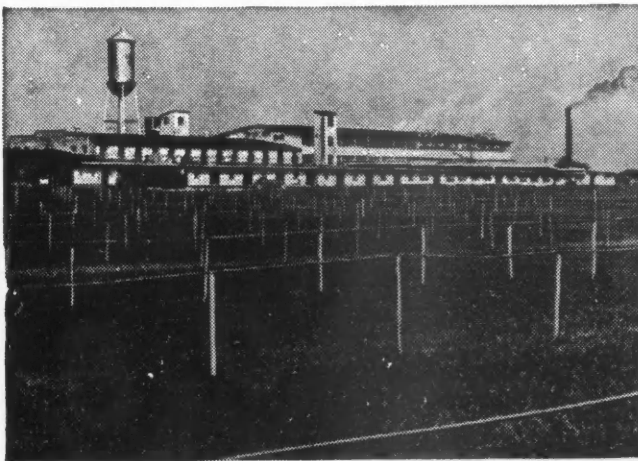
### 5. The large-scale farm

On this farm the labor is all hired, and the manager does not have callouses on his hands. These farms are spectacular and receive much publicity. Examples are the Walker-Gordon dairy farm and the Seabrook vegetable farm in New Jersey. Large-scale farms represent less than five per cent of the agricultural production of the United States, and it does not appear that they can compete with the family-commercial farm in most types of farming.

For the city person who is dreaming of farming the residential farm is probably the one one which should be seriously considered. This will mean a less drastic change in the way of life than any of the other kinds of farms. If you have a residential farm your main source of income is still the city job and it really becomes a question of whether you live in the city or in a rural area near the city.

If you have a good job in town, a small farm may well add to the peace and security of a family who likes to live in rural surroundings. Persons who can get amusement from watching a garden grow and from taking care of animals will find a small farm a great blessing. But it is important to remember that a few hundred dollars worth of home produced food won't make you self-sufficient without the aid of a good salary at some other job.

A small farm without outside income falls into the subsistence farm group. A family cannot be self-sufficient on such a farm except by approaching the standard of living of a woodchuck. Of course, this won't cost much.



On the 15,000 acre Seabrook Farms in south New Jersey, employing over 3,000 unionized workers, a vegetable processing plant cans produce on the spot. Detailed charts account for every day's operations throughout the seven-month season, and there is even a fleet of planes to dust crops with insecticide.

(Courtesy "March of Time")



A city worker who plans to move to the country should consider the following question: "Would you rather milk cows, hoe a garden and spread manure than play golf?" If your answer to this is yes, then the farm idea may be all right. If you would rather play golf, don't get a farm of any kind.

The dream farm includes the smell of new mown hay, beautiful sunsets, babbling brooks and swinging 'neath the old apple tree. The real farm has all of these but also has some hard work and sore muscles. The apple tree on the real farm may have codling moths in it and the babbling brook may have gone dry and the well also.

It is probable that as soon as automobiles, gasoline and tires become readily available again there will be a tremendous movement of city-employed persons to the country. To the extent that these persons plan to make their living from farming, there is likely to be trouble. If they will look for a home in the country which is so located that they can still keep their job in town the farm venture is more likely to be successful.

#### Professor F. F. Hill . . .

Pleasant dreams have an uncomfortable habit of turning into bad ones, and since this applies to dream farms, the following suggestions might help you to avoid some of the more gruesome types of nightmares.

First, make up your mind what you want to do. Do you expect to make your living from farming; will your main income be from non-farm work; or do you want merely a home in the country?

Experience, a good farm, and hard work, are required if you expect a good living from the land. If you haven't had experience, it is cheaper to get it working for someone else than to pay for it yourself. And unless you are well acquainted with the community, it is usually safer to rent for a while than to take the deed on a white elephant. Talk with the neighbors before buying.

On the other hand, if you are counting on non-farm work for the bulk of your income, be sure to consider the job opportunities in the area in times like the '30's and not merely during boom periods like the present. A home complete with mortgage and no job isn't so good in the city or in the country. And if you are going to drive to work every day, a good hard road, kept open in the winter is a necessity. If you want electricity make sure this service is available. If this is something you want to "fall back on" during periods of depression, be sure to rent or buy a farm that can catch you as you fall. Chances are that if you lose your non-farm job, it will be during a depression when farm prices will be extremely low. Unproductive land, low prices, inexperience, taxes, and a mortgage is a combination that's hard

to beat. Do you think you can beat it?

But there are many opportunities for making a pleasant living in the country, if you know what you want to do, and the family really wants to live in the rural area you've been dreaming about.

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**Nancy Hubbard '45**

"The three most exciting years of my life, have been at Cornell," says **Nancy Hubbard**, a senior in the College of Home Economics at Cornell. Cornell has always been a part of her—her father, a graduate of the Agriculture college in 1919, has talked Cornell to her until 1942, when she registered at Cornell, she could talk Cornell to him.

Nancy, family life major, is undecided whether her work will be that of a Home Demonstration Agent or "minding children" in a Nursery School. She, too, has followed the increased war tempo by completing four years work in three and will graduate in June.

A telephone is ringing, someone is knocking on the door, and there goes Nancy Hubbard hurrying down the hall to attend some WSGA meeting (not just one meeting but often two or three). As Vice President of the Women's Self Government Association of Cornell, she "watches" over the thirty-four girl's cottages and the thirteen sororities on the campus. Other duties of this office include acting on the executive committee, and in the House of Representatives.

During her freshman year, Nancy raced down a basketball court while playing on the Risley Interdormitory team; and was active in the Home Economics Club. In her second year, she was president of the cottage at 302 Wait Avenue. After serving on the Willard Straight Browsing Library committee she was elected co-chair-

man. She joined Sigma Kappa sorority and became a member of the **Cornell Countryman** staff.

Nancy became a president of Balch, during her junior year, and served on the House of Representatives. She became Home Economics Editor of the **Cornell Countryman**; was elected to Arete, women's social Honorary society; and was elected to Raven & Serpent, the Junior Women's Honorary Society. During the summer term, she served on the University Orientation Committee and on the Student Council Spirits and Tradition Committee. Recently she was elected to Mortar Board, National Senior Women's Honorary Society.

Extra-curricular activities and studies have not consumed all of her time since she has worked on tables in Risley and in Balch and as an assistant in the Household Arts Department in her Junior year.

She has participated in activities widely dispersed over the campus. Nancy says she has enjoyed assuming responsibility in the WSGA and attempted to do as much for Cornell as it has done for her.

**John Bull's Ag**

The war has brought many changes to British agriculture said **D. B. Johnstone-Wallace\*** of the Cornell Agronomy Department at a recent meeting of the Cornell Grange in Warren Hall auditorium. Land cultivation is being much intensified and the poor farmers are being weeded out. Today, agricul-

ture is under direct government supervision. The farmers are classified according to their productive efficiency, each farm being considered as a unit. The good farms are allowed to operate much as they did before. The fair farmers are supervised and must follow government recommendations closely. The poor farmers are sent into other lines of work and better farmers take their place.

All labor of both men and women in England is conscripted. Farm labor is supplied under this conscription system the same as that of industry. The majority of farm labor is today supplied by women. All women between the ages of eighteen and fifty are conscripted the same as the men, but they have a choice of work in the armed services, industry, or farming.

British farming, he adds, has shifted from livestock to crop raising. This was largely brought about by the need for great amounts of food to be produced on relatively small land areas. The large estates have been plowed up and the land put into such as potatoes and soybeans that yield high nutrient returns per acre. Very little meat is available in the present English diet.

Meat substitutes are either produced from crops like soybeans or are shipped from other countries.

\*Mr. Johnstone-Wallace has recently returned from England where he spent over a year and a half working in connection with the British Ministry of Agriculture.

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## Cornell in Service

'36

**Elizabeth Rice** is on the Hospital Staff of the American Red Cross in England.

'37

At the last report, **Mary Marlowe**, of the WAVES was stationed in the nation's capital.

'40

Serving as Recreational Hospital Worker with the Red Cross in the British Isles is **Helen Crum**. We hear that **Joyce Farnham** is there too!

**Warren W. Hawley**, after leaving college worked on the home farm for his father, Batavia, New York, and is now serving in an armored tank division somewhere in Germany with General Patton. He was quoted in Normandy by a war correspondent (September, 1944, Syracuse Post-Standard)—"We go barreling down the road destroying everything in our way."

'41

**Lt. George Mattus**, is now in the Air Corps stationed on the Marianna Islands.

**Pvt. James A. Dudley** died in the service of his country on the Solomon Islands November 29, 1944. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Julia R. Dudley, of Portville, New York.

'42

**Yoeman 3/c Eleanor Mitten** is stationed in Pensacola, Florida.

**Frank Walkley**, former business manager of the *Countryman* sent us the best Xmas card we've received—hand drawn on a little bit of a V-Mail paper, the wishes for a Merry Christmas picture a big dog with tongue watering like no dog's tongue ever watered before. There's a butterfly there too. And a stocking hanging from a gaily decorated palm tree. Thanks, Frank! We're going to have that picture in the next issue if we can, so that the readers can see it too. Frank's an Ensign now, and his address is: B. J. Unit 6 F.P.O., San Francisco, California.

'43

**Steven Hawley** is with the artillery in Burma.

**Pvt. 1/c Gerald Nuffer**, is now in the Army Air Force Emergency Reserve, located Keesler Field, Miss.

**Ensign James Mayer** was commissioned Naval Aviator on November 28. He is now assigned to Green Cove Springs, Florida, for further training in fighter planes.

'44

**Lt. Frederick Allen**, graduated OCS

June 16, 1944 as third in his class, and is now giving negro soldiers basic training at Camp Lee, Va.

**Theodore Markham**, is training as a bombardier at San Angelo, Tex.

**Lt. Vinton N. Thompson**, is giving basic training to negro troops at Fort Louis, Washington. He was married in June 1944 to Miss Marie Coville.

**Flight Officer Herbert Bleich** was killed in an airplane accident at Candevewar, India, on November 11, 1944. At the time of his death he was navigator of a B-24 bomber.

'46

**S 2/c Sanford Reiss**, left school in June 1944. He finished boot training at Sampson October 12, and is now located at the Seabee base, Davisville, R. I. He is a member of the first group of navy stevedores in this war.

**Pvt. John S. Adams**, is now serving with the 62nd Signal Radio Company, Camp Bowie, Texas. John has been in the army about nine month and has been stationed in three different camps doing radio work.

**Pvt. Gary Hesky**, has seen service in the front lines in France. At Cornell **Pvt. Hesky** was President of the Pomology Club and after graduation he was assistant in the Pomology Dept. at Berkeley College, Berkeley, Calif.

'47

**Pvt. Israel D. Powers**, '47, has seen combat in France with one of General Patton's armored divisions. He was wounded September, 1944, and recently flown back to the states. He is now making good progress towards recovery at England General Hospital, Atlantic City, N. J., and expects a discharge some time next year.

## GRAD GOSSIP

'29

**Russell J. Smith** writes that he now lives in Batavia. He's the dad of two boys, Larry 7, and Dick 11. Russell has been with the G.L.F. for 12 years now, working with G.L.F. Agent Buyers in Orange, Ulster, Sullivan, and Rockland Counties in New York, and Wayne county in Pennsylvania. Scene now changes to Niagara, Orleans, Genesee and Erie counties where he is District Manager. Good

luck . . . and how about a shot at Tompkins?

'41

**Eleanor Lloyd** was married to William K. Cavanaugh last August. The new missus is head of the Home Economics School at Blackburn College in Carlinville, Illinois.

And, another wedding . . . **Mary Lueders** to Eugene C. Fuerst.

'43

**Mary Christian**, now Mrs. John Najork, is teaching in Walden High School.

We hear that **Dorothy Kellogg** is now the wife of Capt. Louis J. Conti. Dot's in Utica at present.

A new addition to the roll call of assistant therapeutic dietitians is **Ruth Lutz** who is working in Cambridge Hospital in Mass.

**Dorothy O'Meal**, beg pardon, Mrs. James A. Cochrane, is living in Newark, N. J.

**Margaret Adece (nee Valek)** and hubby have named the new member of the family Marjorie Diane.

Down south now, **Shirley Willis** from now on, Mrs. Joseph Cusick, is living in Norfolk, Va.

'44

**Ilsa Schierenbeck** '45, we hear that something new has been added to . . . namely, a diamond. Now, where's **Ed Bell** '44? Congratulations to you both.

**Mrs. D. F. Meister**, the former **Marcel Colby**, is living in Caledonia. Her husband is the assistant manager of a G.L.F. warehouse.

**Virginia Corwith** is teaching Home Ec in Plainfield, New York.

**Mary Ellen Kluberg**, now the wife of Frank W. Whittier, holds the position of physicist's assistant at the American Cyanimid Research Laboratory in Stanford, Connecticut.

**Ruth Leonard** is at present on the Home Ec staff of International Mineral and Chemical Company in Chicago, Illinois.

Another teacher . . . **Barbara Palmer** is instructing home economics in Savona, New York.

A new editorial assistant in the Publications office tucked in Martha Van Rensselaer is **Mary Pollard**. Mary is now Mrs. Walter Clist.

The engagement of **Elayne Sereus** to Pfc. Howard J. Friedman has recently been announced.

**Kay Snell** is working in Hudson Department store in Detroit.

**Fern Bruggman** assists in research in the lab of Charles Mennig Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

'45

November 15th meant wedding bells for **Harrie K. Washburn** and the former Miss Shirley Rushlow, of Syracuse. Personal Congratulations may be delivered at the Student Agencies!



IT PROBABLY STARTED

here



THE farm boy, with typical American ingenuity and a mechanical mind, dreamed of an easier, better way to do a tough farm job.

Later, he went to a university and became an engineer. What more natural than to apply that training to designing farm implements?

That isn't a biographical sketch of any particular engineer in any of the John Deere experimental departments. It could be the story of each—all have had practical farm experience. They know the farmer's problems—from his viewpoint.

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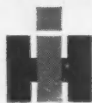
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heard of some of the plans we have made. We have told you something of the automatic 1-man hay balers . . . self-propelled combines . . . 1- and 2-row mechanical cotton pickers . . . modern farm refrigeration . . . easier control of Farmall implements. . . . We have announced these, new products reluctantly. We cannot build them in quantity.

Volume production must wait on Victory. When Peace comes, things will be different. You may take the symbol displayed here as our pledge, and the pledge of our dealers, that International Harvester will lead the way, as always, to Agriculture's future.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY  
180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois

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